

DAINTY DISH ITALIANS LIKE

Ravioli Well Worth a Place on the Tables of Americans Who Care for Good Food.

Dressing.—One scant cup dried mushrooms, one-third cup grated Parmesan cheese, two cups sausage meat, one cup brains, one small onion, three cloves garlic, one good pinch parsley, one good pinch celery, one scallion cooked spinach, nine eggs, one medium sized bowl white bread (cut fine and soaked in milk)—wring bread dry before adding to other ingredients—three tablespoons olive oil, two pinches allspice and salt and pepper to taste. All the ingredients must be chopped fine and thoroughly.

Gravy.—Get a fair sized boiling piece and make a brown gravy by first putting some bacon in a saucepan and then the meat, letting it brown nicely without water. After the meat has cooked a while, add a little onion, some parsley, celery and tomatoes, also a few dried mushrooms, salt and pepper. Let this cook until tomatoes are done, then add a little dry flour and stir it in well. Add enough water to keep the meat from burning and cook until meat is well done. When meat is done, add enough water to make the required amount of gravy.

The Dough.—One stiff flour and a cup more, one small handful salt, two eggs, water enough to make a stiff dough. Roll this dough into several large, thin sheets, spread some dressing on half a sheet of dough and fold the other half over it. With the edge of a thin board mark the "turnover" into three inch squares. Go over the marks made by the board and press the dough together firmly with the thumb. Cut the squares apart with a knife and lay them on a floured board while the remainder of the dough and dressing are made into similar squares.

Cooking.—Have a kettle partly full of boiling salted water, and when the squares are all made up drop into the water and boil for 25 minutes. When the squares are taken from the water they should be drained in a colander. To Serve.—Put a layer of the squares on a platter, sprinkle a layer of grated cheese over and then put on a layer of gravy. Repeat this process until the platter is full.

This recipe makes enough for about fifteen people.

Philadelphia Clam Soup.

Do not use the juice from the clams in the soup. Have about twenty-five small clams, one quart of milk, three potatoes, two tablespoons of flour, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-half cup butter, salt and pepper. Chop the clams fine and drain. Pare potatoes and chop. Place milk and potatoes in double boiler. Rub the butter and flour together until creamy and when potatoes and milk have boiled fifteen minutes stir in the butter and flour and cook eight minutes longer. Add parsley, pepper and salt and let boil three minutes. Then add the clams. Cook one minute and the soup is ready to serve. This is delicious.

Neatness in Arrangement.

I find that a small pasteboard box placed on the floor beside me, into which I can drop pieces of thread and scraps of cloth while sewing, is a great help in keeping the room neat, writes a contributor to Los Angeles Express. It saves all that unsightly mess so often seen on the floor when one is sewing. A newspaper spread on the floor to drop the scraps on answers the same purpose and can be picked up and burned when one stops work.—Christian Science Monitor.

Gay Frocks for Children.

The fashion for Bulgarian colorings is as popular as ever, and its conquest is complete as regards some little frocks for children suitable for the spring.

Made of fine crash, cut in the Magyar shape, the hem and sleeves bordered with scarlet, the front embroidered in bright colors, and the whole finished with a scarlet woolen girdle and tassels, they are delightful as play frocks and will wash well.

Poached Eggs and Ham.

Cut a neat round of toast for each person. Butter it and keep hot. Chop one tablespoon cooked ham for each round of toast. Carefully poach eggs. Add to the water a pinch of salt and half a teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar. This will prevent eggs breaking. When poached drain eggs and lay one on each round of toast. Arrange the ham around the edge to form a border, sprinkle with a little finely chopped parsley and serve at once.

Cheese Salad.

Ten cents' worth of Roquefort cheese, a ten-cent package of cream cheese, one tablespoonful of butter, two green peppers, one large Bermuda onion, one-half a stalk of celery will be needed. Rub the Roquefort and cream cheese and butter to a smooth paste, add the finely chopped onion, peppers and celery. Mix well. Season with paprika and put in icebox to harden. Serve with hot toasted crackers.

Fried Cheese Balls.

One and one-half cups of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of flour, the whites of three eggs, salt, pepper, and cracker dust.

Beat the whites of the eggs; add the other ingredients; make into balls and roll in cracker dust. If the amount of flour is doubled, the mixture may be dropped from a spoon and fried without being rolled in crumbs.

Virginia Fried Chicken.

Two-pound chicken cut in pieces, one egg, salt, one-half teaspoonful baking powder. Lay chicken in water with large spoon of salt, for one-half hour. Make batter of egg, water, salt and baking powder. Dip each piece of chicken in this, and fry in deep, hot fat for fifteen minutes with cover on. Remove cover for five minutes, drain and serve.

Ungallant Statement.

"Mischief and petticoats came into the world the same day, and have remained together ever since."—The Gate Openers, by K. L. Montgomery.



SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sephira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Fran regarded him with somber intensity. "I've asked for a home with you on the grounds that your wife was my best friend in all the world, and because I am homeless. You refuse. I suppose that's natural. I have to guess at your feelings because I haven't been raised among 'respectable' people. I'm sorry you don't like it, but you're going to provide for me right here. For a girl, I'm pretty independent; folks that don't like me are welcome to all the enjoyment they get out of their dislike. I'm here to stay. Suppose you look on me as a sort of summer crop. I enjoyed hearing you sing, tonight."

"We repeat what we saw. We repeat what we saw."

I see you remember." He shuddered at her mocking holy things. "Hush! What are you saying? The past is cut off from my life. I have been pardoned, and I will not have anybody forcing that past upon me."

Her words came blithely: "You can't help it. You sowed. You can't pardon a seed from growing." "I can help it, and I will. The past is no more mine than here—our marriage was legal, but it bound me no more than it bound her. She chose her own companions. I have been building up a respectable life, here in Littleburg. You shall not overturn the labor of the last ten years. You can go. My will is unalterable. Go—and do what you can!"

Instead of anger, Fran showed sorrow: "How long have you been married to the second Mrs. Gregory—the present one?" He turned his back upon her as if to go to the door, but he wheeled about: "Ten years. You understand? Ten years of the best work of my life that you want to destroy?"

"Poor lady," murmured Fran. "The first Mrs. Gregory—my friend—has been dead only three years. You and she were never divorced. The lady that you call Mrs. Gregory now—she isn't your wife, is she?"

"I thought," he was suddenly ashen pale—"but I thought that she—I believed her dead long ago—I was sure of it—positive. What you say is impossible!"

"But no one can sow without reaping," Fran said, still pityingly. "When you sowed those words, it was only a seed to you, but it was a bit of life itself. You don't sow, or reap in a chaff loft. You can't sow seeds and reap words."

"I understand you, now," he faltered. "You have come to disgrace me. What good will that do you, or my first wife? You are no abstraction, to represent sowing and reaping, but a flesh-and-blood girl who can go away if she chooses."

"She chooses to stay," Fran assured him. "Then you have resolved to ruin me and break my wife's heart!"

"No, I'm just here to have a home." "Will you enjoy a home that you seize by force?"

"Don't they say that the Kingdom of God may be taken by force? But you know more about the Kingdom than I. Let them believe me the daughter of some old boyhood friend—that'll make it easy. As the daughter of that friend, you'll give me a home. I'll keep out of your way, and be as pleasant—a nice little girl, of any age you please." She smiled remotely. He spoke dully: "But they'll want to know all about that old college friend."

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Gregory. The wind had suddenly increased in violence, and a few raindrops had

fallen. Fran came all the way from New York to find you; I reached Littleburg only at dusk—and I've been pretty busy ever since!"

"Come, then," he said hastily. "This way—I'll show you a room. . . . It's too late," he broke off, striving desperately to regain composure.

The door opened, and a woman entered the room hastily.

CHAPTER VII.

A Family Conference.

Of the group, it was the secretary who first claimed Fran's attention. In

the absence of any secretion, for even after very prolonged fits of coughing there is rarely anything noticeable except a little saliva. Patients may sometimes succeed in checking the cough, but not for long, and as a rule in such cases the next fit of coughing is all the more severe.

The nervous cough is particularly frequent between the ages of twelve and seventeen. It then often assumes the character of a barking cough. It is unattended by any serious danger, and does not induce any emphysema. Change of climate appears to have most effect upon it.

English Averse to Change.

There is nothing more amusing in all the quaint and curious customs of the English house of commons than the termination of each session.



SYNOPSIS.

"Naturally. Well, just invent some story—I'll stand by you." "You don't know me," he returned, drawing himself up. "What! do you imagine I would lie to them?" "I think," Fran remarked impersonally, "that to a person in your position—a person beginning to reap what he has sown, lying is always the next course. But you must act as your conscience dictates. You may be sure that if you decide to tell the truth, I'll certainly stand by you in that."

Helplessly driven to bay, he flashed out: "Violets. 'Twas a girl—or woman—or whatever you are—there is no spirit of girlhood or womanhood in you."

Fran returned in a low, concentrated voice, "If I'm unnatural, what were you in the Springfield days? Was it natural for you to be married secretly when the marriage might have been public? When you went away to break the news to your father, wasn't it rather unnatural for you to hide three years before coming back? When you came back and heard that your wife had gone away to be supported by people who were not respectable, was it natural for you to be satisfied with the first rumors you heard, and disappear for good and all? As for me, yes, I have neither the spirit of girlhood nor womanhood, for I'm neither a girl nor a woman, I'm nothing." Her voice trembled. "Don't rouse my anger when I lose grip on myself. I'm pretty hard to stop. If I let everything rush on my mind—how she—my friend—my sweet darling friend—how she searched for you all the years till she died—and how even on her death-bed she thought maybe you'd come—"

Fran choked back the words. "Don't," she gasped. "Don't reproach me, or I'll reproach you, and I mustn't do that. I want to hide my real heart from you—from all the world. I want to smile, and be like respectable people."

"For God's sake," whispered the other frantically, "hush! I hear my wife coming. Yes, yes, I'll do everything you say, but oh, don't ruin me. You shall have a home with us, you shall have everything, everything." "Except a welcome," Fran faltered, frightened at the emotion she had betrayed. "Can you show me to a room—quick—before your wife comes? I don't want to meet her, now, I'm tired."

"Oh, no," cried Fran, with violence. "No!" She added rather wildly, "It can't be—I mean—but say you are not Mrs. Gregory."

"I am Mrs. Gregory," the other repeated, mystified.

Fran tried to hide her emotion with a smile, but it would have been easier for her to cry, just because she of the patient brown eyes was Mrs. Gregory. At that moment Hamilton Gregory re-entered the room, brought back by the fear that Fran might tell all during his absence. How different life would have been if he could have found her down—but he read in her face no promise of departure.

His wife was not surprised at his haggard face, for he was always working too hard, worrying over his extensive charities, planning editorials for his philanthropic journal, devising means to better the condition of the local church. But the presence of this stranger—doubtless one of his countless objects of charity—demanded explanation.

"Come," he said brusquely, addressing neither directly, "we needn't stop here. I have some explanations to make, and they might as well be made before everybody, once and for all."

He paused wretchedly, seeing no outlook, no possible escape. Something must be told—not a lie, but possibly not all the truth; that would rest with Fran. He was as much in her power as if she, herself, had been the effect of his sin.

He opened the door, and walked with a heavy step into the hall. Mrs. Gregory followed, wondering, looking rather at Fran than at her husband. Fran's keen eyes searched the apartment for the actual source of Hamilton Gregory's acutest regrets.

Yes, there stood the secretary.

CHAPTER VIII.

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Of the group, it was the secretary who first claimed Fran's attention. In

the custom dates from a time when it was necessary for members to go home in parties, accompanied by men carrying links or torches for common protection against the footpads who infested the streets of London. But though that danger has long since passed away, the question "Who goes home?" is still asked, right after night, during the session of parliament.

No reply is given, and none is expected.

Fair Warning.

A golfer at the Haworth club, in the jolly little suburban village of that name, got off one of those beautiful grass-clipping drives, the sort that start low and bend upward as they fly. But unfortunately he struck a man on the head; and the golfer hurried up with terror in his heart.

"Who done that?" asked the stricken man gruffly, turning toward the golfer.

"I didn't see you. I am very sorry."

"Youse people want to be careful," said the man. "You'll be hurting somebody first thing you know."

Busy Lives Led by Wasps.

Insects as industrious at home as when they get after the swimming small boy.

Wasps appear to be well-nigh as industrious as ants or bees. One authority has declared that the cardinal doctrine of the wasp is: "If any wasp will not work, neither shall he eat."

Division of labor is clearly seen in the wasp's nest. Some of the workers seem to be specially employed as foragers and soldiers, others appear to be told off as nurses and guardians, while yet others are engaged as paper-makers and masons.

Wasps are at all times particularly fond of honey. Toward the end of summer, as all bee-keepers know, they will force their way into beehives and carry off by force as much as they can gorge of their winged neighbor's honey.

FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

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already fallen. Apprehensions of a storm caused hurried movements throughout the house. Blinding flashes of lightning suggested a gathering of the family in the reception hall, where, according to tradition, there was "less danger," and as the unknown lady opened the door of the front room, Fran heard footsteps upon the stairs, and caught a glimpse of Grace Noir descending.

The lady closed the door behind her before she perceived Fran, so intent was she upon securing from threatening rain some unfinished silk-work lying on the window-sill. She paused abruptly, her honest brown eyes opened wide.

The perspiration shone on Hamilton Gregory's forehead. "Just a moment," he uttered incoherently—"wait—I'll be back when I make sure my library window's closed. . . . He left the room, his brain in an agony of indecision. How much must be told? And how would they regard him after the telling?"

"Who are you?" asked the lady of thirty-five, mildly, but with gathering wonder.

The answer came, with a broken laugh, "I am Fran." It was spoken a little defiantly, a little menacingly, as if the tired spirit was bracing itself for battle.

The lady wore her wavy hair parted in the middle after that fashion which perhaps was never new; and no impudent ribbon or arrogant flounce stole one's attention from the mouth that was just sincere and sweet. It was a face one wanted to look at because—well, Fran didn't know why. "She's no prettier than I," was Fran's decision, measuring from the natural standard—the standard every woman hides in her own breast.

"And who is Fran?" asked the mild voice. The lady smiled so tenderly, it was like a mellow light stealing from a fairy rose-garden of thornless souls.

Fran caught her breath while her face showed hardness—but not against the other. She felt something like holy wrath as her presentment sounded forth protestingly—"But who are you?"

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Irregularly. "Miss Grace is accounted for. Go on, brother-in-law, go on, if we must have it."

"The fact is, Lucy—" Gregory at this point turned to his wife—for at certain odd moments he found relief in doing so—"the fact is—the fact is, this girl is the—er—daughter of—a very old friend of mine—a friend who was—a friend years ago, long before I moved to Littleburg, long before I saw you, Lucy. That was when my home was in New York. I have told you all about that time of my youth, when I lived with my father in New York. Well, before my father died, I was acquainted with—this friend—I owed that person a great debt, not of money—a debt of—what shall I say?"

Fran suggested, "Honor."

Gregory mopped his brow while all looked from Fran to him. He resumed desperately: "I owed a great debt to that friend—oh, not of money, of course—a debt which circumstances prevented me from paying—from meeting—which I still owe to the memory of that—er—of that dead friend. The friend is dead, you understand, yes, dead."

Mrs. Gregory could not understand her husband's unaccustomed hesitancy. She inquired of Fran, "And is your mother dead, too, little girl?"

That simple question, innocently preferred, directed the course of future events. Mr. Gregory had not intentionally spoken of his friend in such a way as to throw doubt upon the sex. Now that he realized how his wife's misunderstanding might save him, he had not the courage to undeceive her.

Fran waited for him to speak. The delay had lost him the power to reveal the truth. Would Fran betray him? He wished that the thunder might drown out the sound of her words, but the storm seemed holding its breath to listen.

Fran said quietly, "My mother died three years ago."

Mrs. Gregory asked her husband, "Did you ever tell me about this friend? I'd remember from his name; what was it?"

It seemed impossible for him to utter the name which had sounded from his lips so often in love. He opened his lips, but he could not say "Josephine." Besides, the last name would do. "Derry," he gasped.

"Come here, Fran Derry," said Mrs. Gregory, reaching out her hand, with that sweet smile that somehow made Fran feel the dew of tears.

Hamilton Gregory plucked up spirits. "I couldn't turn away the daughter of my old friend. You wouldn't want me to do that. None of you would. Now that I've explained everything, I hope there'll be no objection to her staying here in the house—that is, if she wants to stay. She has come to do it, she says—all the way from New York."

Mrs. Gregory slipped her arm about the independent shoulders, and drew the girl down beside her upon a divan. "Do you know," she said gently, "you are the very first of all his New York friends who has come into my life? Indeed, I am willing, and indeed you shall stay with us, just as long as you will."

Fran asked impulsively, as she clasped her hands, "Do you think you could like me? Could you?"

"Dear child!" the answer was accompanied by a gentle pressure, "you are the daughter of my husband's friend. That's enough for me. You need a home, and you shall have one with us. I like you already, dear."

Tears dimmed Fran's eyes. "And I just love you," she cried. "My! What a woman you are!"

Grace Noir was silent. She liked Fran less than ever, but her look was that of a hired secretary, saying, "With all this, I have nothing to do." Doubtless, when alone with Hamilton Gregory, she would express her sincere conviction that the girl's presence would interfere with his work—but these others would not understand.

Fran's unconventionality had given to Mrs. Gregory's laugh a girlish note, but almost at once her face resumed its wonted gravity. Perhaps the slight hollows in the cheeks had been pressed by the fingers of care, but it was rather lack of light than presence of shadow, that told Fran something was missing from the woman's heart.

"Well," Simon Jefferson interposed

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fran Suggested Honor.

She would not condemn him unheard, but at the same time she let him see that her knowledge of Fran would not help his case. It did not surprise Mrs. Gregory that Grace had known of the strange presence; the secretary knew of events before the rest of the family.

Gregory continued, delicately picking his way: "But the child asked to see me alone, because she had a special message—a yes, a message to deliver to me. So I asked Miss Grace to leave us for half an hour. Then I heard the girl's story, while Miss Grace waited upstairs."

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